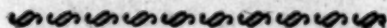


A NEW
TRANSLATION,
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
K O V I D ' S
METAMORPHOSES.

PUBLISHED
BY THE AUTHOR,

W. GREEN, M. D.

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A NEW
TRANSLATION
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
DIVINE
METAMORPHOSES

46
1804
BY THE AUTHOR

W. C. E. N. M. D.



P R E F A C E.

OV I D is the Poet of Nature, and she seems to have dictated to him as fast as his Pen could run. His Metamorphoses are as necessary to Painters, and Connoisseurs, as Fresnoy's Art of Painting, or Quintilian's Institutions to the Orator, &c. The Houses of Quality, and Taste, are filled with his Fables: In the Essay prefixed to the Works of Virgil, I have discoursed of the Errors of Translators in general, their slipping out of the Metaphors, and Figures, and omitting, or misrepresenting the principal Beauties of their Author; and endeavoured to supply the Deficiencies of Roscommon's imperfect Piece on this Subject.

Antiquisque novam, rebus diffundere lucem:

And therefore, of Ovid there needs little more to be said, than, that a few excepted, they are found guilty of the same Fault. What are we to expect, from the CROXALS, MAYNWARINGS, and the common

Herd

Herd of Translators, when, from the Author of Cato,
we have the following Lines?

Sol oculis juvenem, quibus aspicit omnia vidit:
Quæque viæ tibi causa? quid hac, ait, Arce petisti?

Phœbus, beheld the Youth, from off his Throne,
That Eye, that look'd on all, was fix'd on one;
And cries aloud, What wants my Son? for know,
My Son thou art, and I must call thee so.

Parce puer, stimulis, & fortius utere loris. †
Sponte sua properant: labor est inhibere volantes;

Take this Advice my Son:

Keep a stiff Rein, and move but gently on:
The Coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your Art must be to moderate their haste. &c.

These

* Then, with those Eyes, that instant all things view,
His distant Son, the Father Knew and Knew.

Why hast thou climb'd these lofty Tow'rs, he cried,

My worthy Offspring, not to be denied?

W. G.

† Hold firm the Reins, restrain the Lash severe,

By Nature prompt they wing away—the fear,

And Labour is, to check their fierce career:

W. G.

These, are not Poetry, but prose tagged in Rime. And tho' we meet here and there, with a good Couplet interspersed, yet, oftentimes for forty or fifty Verses together, there is a total Eclipse, and Vacancy of Poesy. And of ADDISON, it may be said in general, that when he wrote in Rhime, all the Graces of Propriety forsook this Great Master of our Language in Prose. As the contrary is told of Virgil—*Virgilium quidem in Soluta Oratione, omnis illa felicitas Ingenii destituit.*—Yet to his Honor it must be said, that he is the only Critic in our Language, whose Word, and Judgment may always be relied on.

All Licentious, Immoral, and Obscene Expressions are banished out of Modern Poetry, and to the Honor of the French Nation it must be confessed, that they were the first who introduced Decorum on the Stage, Decency in Writing, and *Bienveillance* in Life,

Then lastly to his Son the Father came,
 And touch'd, to make them *partible* of Flame,
 His Mortal Eyes, with his Celestial Palm,
 Dipt in the Tincture of Ambrosial Balm ;
 (And on his Brow, from *his own Temples* crown'd,
 Th' effulgent Radiance of the Skies, he bound) *Omitted in P. 9.*
 And said, with Sighs presaging future Pain,
 At least these Precepts if thou canst retain ;
 Five Zones, thou seest the Heavenly Sphere divide,
 And Signs twice fix thy Way uncertain guide ;
 Hold not thy Course direct, &c.

Page 32, line 26, for expire, read aspire.

THE PROM.
 PHAETON the SON of PHŒBUS,
 Affronted by EPAPHIUS the SON of ISIS,
 Sets out on his Journey to his Father's Palace.

O'ER th' IND, and his own Æthiope Lands
 conjoin'd,
 All HEAVEN conception'd in his eager Mind,
 He past—and climb'd the Mountains of the East,
 And Realms beneath Aurora's Rays—nor ceas'd,
 Until his Father's Orient Throne in view,
 Appear'd, which by th' effulgent Light he knew.

Patriosque adit impiger Ortus.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE FALL OF PHAETON.

WITH burnish'd Gold, and blazing Jewels shone,
On lofty Columns rais'd the Palace of the Sun,
Gold was the Roof, the Gates of Ivory bright
And Silver gleam'd—and cast redundant Light;
The gorgeous Dome with richest Metals fraught.
Was by the work surpass'd—for, Vulcan wrought
The Universe he sculpt, and center'd Ball,
The Seas around, and Heaven surrounding all;
Here Triton winds his CONCH, a *Sea-green* God,
Ægeon there a mighty Whale bestrode;
And changeful Proteus, sporting on the Wave,
And Doris, and her many Daughters lave;

B

And

4 THE FALL OF PHAETON. B. II.

And some on Dolphins o'er the Waters glide,
 And some on Rocks their dripping Hair divide;
 Faces not just alike, yet might you see
 Their Sisters all, and of one Family;
 The Earth had Man—Woods, Fanes, and Cities rise,
 Fish held the Floods, and Volatiles the Skies;
 The Heavens o'er all their Azure Glory shed,
 And twice six Signs were o'er the Zodiac spread: 20
 Now Phaeton had climb'd the steep ascent,
 To his *misdoubted* Father eager bent;
 But stood at distance—for no mortal Eye
 Can bear the anguish of his Glories *nigh*;
 Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the Sky:
 High on an Emerald Throne, in regal State,
 And purple Robes, exalted Phœbus fate;
 On either Hand, Months, Years and Ages lay,
 And in just spaces Hours divide the Day;
 The Spring with Chaplets crown'd led on the Year,
 And naked Summer shew'd the bearded Ear,
 Autumnus stood besmear'd with Grapes new-press'd
 And Winter in his hoary locks confess'd:
Then with those Eyes that instant all things view,
 His distant Son, the Father kend and knew;
 Why hast thou climb'd these lofty Tow'rs—he cried,
 My worthy offspring, not to be denied?
 To whom thus, *bending*, Phaeton replied:
 O Sun, sole source, o'er all this Frame immense,
 Whose flaming Rays the general Light dispense, 40
 O Father,

B. II. THE FALL OF PHAETON. 5

O Father, if allow'd to use the name,
 And Clymené, by a pretended claim,
 Disguises not her own ignoble Shame;
 Give then, some token to the Son *thy own*,
 By which, my Birth may to the World be known,
 And shun'd the base reproaches on me thrown;
 And if an error, to thy offspring *Kind*,
 Dispel this cloud of my mistaken Mind:
 Then He—*relay'd the Radiance of the Skies*,
 And *first*, his Son embracing, thus replies:
 Doubt not thy Parent's faith, and Birth divine,
 For Clymené pronounc'd thee *justly* Mine;
 In sign of truth, whatever thou shalt crave,
 Thy Wish I'll give thee by the Stygian Wave;
 By Styx, tremendous Oath of Gods I swear,
 A place unknown to Phœbus and his Car:
 Scarce had He said—the Boy to his *surprise*,
 Requests forthwith the Chariot of the Skies;
 And, for a Day his seated Chariottee,
 To rule the fiery Coursers of the Year:
 The God was struck, and deep repentant said,
 O! that I could recall my promise made,
 (And thrice he smote his venerable Head)
 My Vow's made rash, by what you rashly chuse,
 The only Gift, I would my *Son* refuse;
 To turn thee from this purpose wild, I'll try,
 I may dissuade, from what I can't deny:
 The Boon thou claim'st, is full of dangerous fears,
 Impracticable to thy tender years;

Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
 Beyond the province of Mortality ;
 And e'en to more than Deities *dare* crave,
 The Gods may please themselves—but with their *leave*,
 Not one of all the Synod dares, but I
 Stand on this fiery Axle of the Sky ;
 The God, who hurls the Thunders from above,
 Forbears th' attempt—and what so great as Jove ?
 The Morn-Ascent with labour is begun,
 And hard the task to check their rapid Run,
 When first break forth the Coursers of the Sun ; } 80
 Anon, up Heaven's Meridian Steep they climb,
 Whence, if below I cast my eyes *sublime* ;
 So vast the downfall to yon nether Sphere,
 Even I myself am not without a fear :
 Nor less the toil a steady rein to keep,
 When down the precipice of Eve they sweep ;
 Tethys, whose waves receive my falling Car,
 Sees with affright, and trembles left afar
 Flung from the giddy height, I plunge amain
 Hurl'd thro' the void, and headlong to the plain :
 Besides, the Heavens and this superior World,
 Are in assiduous swift rotation whirl'd,
 And all around are in the Vortex hurl'd ;
 I still mount up—against the the Current bear,
 Alone unmaster'd in the adverse Sphere :

Canst

B. II. THE FALL OF PHAETON.

7

Canst thou my Son, th' impetuous Car controul,
 Safe, unaborb'd amid the rapid roll,
 Of whirling Planets round the giddy Pole?
 But thou perhaps may'st fancy wond'rous Scenes
 Of Gods, and Groves, and Palaces, and Fanes;
 Vain idle dreams—strange forms both low and high,
 And Monsters dire direct thee thro' the Sky:
 For thou must pass the Bull of hornéd Brow,
 And the Hæmonian Sagitary's Bow;
 And through th' enormous Lyon's arméd Jaws,
 The Cancer's, and the Scorpio's grasping Claws,
 Scorpius, whose arms in circuit wide extend,
 More than three spacious Signs, from end to end:
 Nor hope, these Steeds so full of generous Flames,
 Which from their Nostrils roll in cloudy Streams,
 Can be control'd by an impuissant Hand;
 Oft o'er the Heavens, impatient of command,
 They scorn the Curb, and urg'd by Fire divine,
 Dildain the check of any Hand but Mine:
 Cease then, from what thou rashly art pursuing,
 Nor let my proffer'd Kindness prove thy Ruin:
 Of birth divine, thou seek'st a Sign sincere,
 What surer token can I give, than care?
 Observe, my eyes dimm'd with the rising tears,
 I shew the Parent by Paternal Fears;
 O! could'st thou look into my heart and see,
 What anxious pangs are throbbing there for thee;

120

Once

Once more look round whate'er this World can show, }
 In Heaven above, or on the Earth below, }
 And no repulse, thy boldest wish shall know :
 Nay—sing thou not thy fondling Arms around
 A Father's neck—if thou persist, I'm bound,
 And must comply—for by the Stygian Wave
 I've sworn to give—do thou with *prudence* crave;
 He ceas'd advising—but the wayward Boy,
 Fixt on the radiant Car, his wish and joy :
 Compel'd to yield—yet *not without delay*,
 The Sire conducts him to the Car of Day ;
 On flaming Wheels the golden Axles roll'd,
 The Spokes were Silver, and the Orbit Gold ;
 The radiant Seat a thousand Jewels grace,
 Reflecting tenfold lustre from his Face :
 While the bold Boy the wond'rous Work survey'd,
 Aurora had her orient beams display'd,
 And oped her rosy Courts of purple bright ; 140
 The Stars each after each, with fainter light
 Recede—and He the brightest of the Train,
 The Harbinger of Day resign'd the Plain :
 The God, who saw diffus'd the rays of morn,
 The Moon's faint light, and evanescent Horn ;
 Call'd forth the Hours, to bring without delay,
 The fiery Steeds—the ready Hours obey ;
 From the deep Stalls, with Juice Ambrosial fed,
 The harness'd Coursers to the Car were led ;

And

And snorting—roll'd the Clouds of living fire,
 They from their Nostrils and deep Chest expire !
 Then, lastly to his Son, the Father came,
 And touch'd, to make *them* *patible* of Flame,
 His mortal Eyes, with his Celestial Palm,
 Dipt in the Tincture of Ambrosial Balm ;
 And said, with Sighs presaging future Pain,
 At least these Precepts, if thou canst, retain ;
 Withhold the Curb, restrain the Lash severe,
 By Nature prompt they wing away—the fear,
 And Labour is—to check their fierce Career : 160
 Five radiant Zones, thou *seest*, my Son, divide
 The Heavens, which shall *thy way uncertain* guide,
 Hold not thy course direct—but winding steer,
 Where, will oblique an ample Road appear ;
 Within the bounds of the three Midmost run,
 And Poles, both Arctic and Antartic, shun,
 Thou'lt see the track the wheels have lately gone :
 That Heaven, and Earth an equal heat may know,
 Rise not too high, nor yet descend too low,
 Thy Car too high—will fire the Heavenly Domes,
 And Earth beneath thee if too low it roams ;
 Shun to the Right, the huge contorted Snake,
 Nor to the left, so low as Ara take ;
 Avoid extremes—the middle way is best ;
 Keep this—to Fortune I commend the rest ;
 May She (my only hope) thy Course attend,
 And *better*, than thou dost *thyself*, befriend :

See

See, dewy night falls on yon western plains,
There's no delay—we're call'd—or seize the Reins, 180
Or, if yet *flexible* thy Heart, forbear,
And take thy Father's Counsel, not his Car;
From this alone thy madding Heart restrain,
In fact, no Honour—but a Toil and Pain;
And let the World receive its light from Me,
Which I may give, and thou may'st safely see;
While on firm footing yet thou stand'st, *beware*,
For yet thou may'st—thy Ruin and the Car :
Swift to the Seat sprang forth the active Boy,
And from his Father took the Reins with joy ;
And bending, thanks he to his Father gives,
Which, with reluctant heart the Sire receives :
Meantime the Courfers of the Sun, fierce Phlegon,
Æous, Pyroeis, and *flaming* Æthon,
Neighing aloud, blow forth the Igneous gales,
And paw the ground, and lash th' inclosing Pales,
Which Tethy's (warn'd not of her Grandson's fate)
Removes—and spreads the Oriental Gate :
Loose to the Skies—they strike the rapid race,
Wing'd thro' the vast immensity of Space, 200
Dividing clouds, they take their airy way,
Illumine Heaven, and spread o'er Earth the Day;
Sublime he rides—outstrips, and leaves behind,
The breeze *co-rising* of the morning wind :
But far too light the Ruler on the seat,
The Courfers felt the want of hand and weight ;

As

As o'er the Seas, unsteady Vessels ride,
 Unballasted, and roll from side to side,
 Sport of the Waves—thus thro' the fields of Air,
 Tois'd, and subsulting, sprang *unpois'd* the Car :
 The Steeds perceiv'd it and the track forsook,
 And to new ways in wild disorder took,
 And thro' the Æther, like an empty Toy,
 They bore at will, the Chariot, and the Boy ;
 The TRIOS first perceiv'd the kindling Rays,
 And strove to dip in th' interdicted Seas,
 Thou too, BOOTES, then wast said to fly,
 And slowly drag thy waggon thro' the Sky ;
 The Snake benumb'd with everlasting cold,
 Till then, in harmless icy rigour roll'd,
 Wak'd into rage, bestir'd his angry fold ;
 When now the Boy, aberrant far on high,
 Saw Earth forlorn, a distant prospect lie ;
 Cold tremor shook his Knees, his aching sight,
 Grew dim—and darkned with excess of light ;
 Vast Tracts *before* him lay, and more *behind*,
 Each ample space he measures in his mind ;
 And now beholds, *what he must never gain*,
 The West—and now the Oriental Plain :
 Meantime, the Chariot like a Galley goes,
 Driven at the mercy of each wind that blows,
 When now the Pilot has resign'd his care,
 And all his hope is fix'd on Heaven and Pray'r ;

} 220

And

And willing to be deem'd of mortal line,
He would his kindred of the Skies resign:
Aggriev'd he wish'd, he ne'er had crav'd the Car,
And that his Father had refus'd his pray'r;
In vain he calls, in vain his voice reclaims,
Nor could he soothe, unknowing of their names
The Steeds—confus'd he knows not where to take, 240
Nor if he did, could he their fury break:
Nor firmly holds the Reins, nor lets them flow.
A place there is, where stands in dreadful show,
The Cancer arm'd—the Boy, who frighted saw,
The Sting exerted, and the threatening Claw,
Senseless in gelid fears—releas'd the Reins,
The Coursers felt them dropping on their Manes;
Then, with redoubled speed they wing'd their way,
Thro' Regions strange, and Realms unknown to Day,
And devious Tracks, as madding fury bears,
Wild thro' the Void—and loose among the Spheres,
They strike their Heads, and juggle with the Stars; }
Sometimes too high they climb th' Æthereal Steep,
As much too low, now nearer Earth they sweep;
The Moon with wonder, and concern lookt down,
To see her Brother's Car beneath her own:
The fleecy clouds began to fry and smoke,
And th' *biggest* Lands the *flame*—as *nearest*, took;
The Woods, and Forests kindle with the Rays,
And their own fuel feeds the spreading blaze, 260

Earth

Earth parched cracks, her honors all expire,
 Her juice exhausted, and her crops on fire,
 And harvests burn—but why rehearse I small
 Complaints? great Kingdoms and their cities fall;
 Thro' torrid Lybia's Lands the Ruin spreads,
 And ATLAS flames thro' all his hundred heads,
 With Taurus, Athos, Oete—and long-famed Ida
 For unexhausted Springs, Mount Ida flamed;
 And Ætna's fires with tenfold fury rise,
 And dash the pitchy torrents to the skies;
 And virgin Helicon, the Muses claim,
 And thracian Hæmus—yet, of harmless fame;
 Sicilian Eryx, Cynthus, Othrys glow,
 And high Parnassus with his forked brow,
 And Rhodopé at length devoid of snow;
 With Pelion, Ossa, who *once seal'd the Skies*,
 Olympus huge, surpassing both in Size;
 With Mimas, Dyndymé, Cytheron blaze,
 Cytheron fam'd *for Rites in after Days*;
 O'er cloud-capt Appennine the fires ascend,
 Th' Aerial Alps a length of dreadful flames extend;
 Th' unhappy Boy, where'er he cast his eye,
 Saw all around him blaze, both low and high;
 The sultry Air as from a furnace glow'd,
 And clouds of embers fell around him strow'd;
 With Steams and Ashes choak'd, he's dragg'd away,
 At mercy of the fiery Coursers sway;

And now he feels his Car begin to glow,
 With smoaking flakes of fire, that round it flow :
 Then, broil'd, 'tis said, the Æthiopian drew,
 Thro' all his ardent Veins, a blacker hue ;
 Excessive heat the sultry Lybia drains,
 Her juices spent—the thirsty sand remains ;
 The moaning Nymphs, and Naiads in despair,
 Wept o'er *dry fountains*, with dishevel'd hair ;
 Bœotia's Plains no mote their Dirce boast,
 And Argos grieves for Amymoné lost ;
 And Corinth for Pyréné's Waters pure ;
 Nor were remotest Rivers more secure :
 The Ister smokes thro' all his Realms of waves, 300
 Nor Tanais, thee thy icy Rigour saves ;
 Mid Hills of Ice Ismarian Hebrus glows,
 And swift Penéus who thro' Tempé flows ;
 And who the Babylonian City laves,
 Euphrates, smokes thro' all his length of Waves,
 And fam'd Alpheus crown'd with Victor-leaves ;
 And who unwearied winds a thousand ways,
 Mæander, boils thro' every doubling maze :
 Thermodon, Ganges, and Orontes broil,
 Mygdonian Melas, and Eurotas boil ;
 The golden grain now melted in the flames,
 Runs with the flood in Tagus yellow streams ;
 The rapid Tigris, and Hydasper roar
 Inflam'd, Scamander on the Dardan Shore,

And

And Zanthus burns—foredoom'd to flame again,
 And swift Caicus on the Myfian Plain;
 The Choirs,* that on Cayster's Banks had sung,
 Languescent in the Waves, and drooping hung
 Affrighted Nile sought Earth's remotest bound,
 And hid his head, which *never yet was found*, 320
 His Urns exhausted, and his Channels dry,
 His seven great Mouths seven sandy Vallies lie;
 O'er western Rivers the same fates prevail,
 The Rhine, and Rhodanus, and Iber fail;
 Even he foredoom'd to rule o'er Earth, supreme,
 Imperial Tyber feels the scorching flame:
 The gaping Earth down to the Center cleaves,
 And lets in day on the infernal Waves;
 The ent'ring Rays the gloomy King affright,
 And shake with horror all the Realms of Night;
 Sunk to small compass the Neptunian Main,
 Was now a desert bare, and sandy Plain;
 Unnumber'd Cyclads on the Sands increase,
 A thousand Rocks their broad bare backs upraise,
 Emerging mountains, as the waves decrease:
 Down to the bottoms sunk the scaly brood,
 Nor durst the sporting Dolphin mount the flood;
 The

* Tho' Ovid means Swans, yet their Name must not be mentioned, because the Swan is to be a Bird of his own creation in the next Fable.

The Porpoise breathless on the surface lay,
 And Nereus, and the Daughters of the Sea,
 Shun'd in the Depths th' insufferable day : } 340
 Thrice Neptune rose stern from the boiling Main,
 And thrice withdrew, unable to sustain
 The scorching ardours of his wasting Reign :
 But the All Parent Earth around embrac'd,
 With Springs, and Streams retiring to her Waist,
 And crouding Rivers that affrighted come,
 And hope for shelter in her center'd Womb ;
 Uprais'd her head, and view'd the flaming land,
 But first oppos'd (unable to withstand
 The dazzling light) her intervening hand ; }
 And low submissive, with a growling sound,
 She spoke, and trembling, shook the World around :
 If this my fate I have deserv'd—*content*,
 But why, O Jove, not thy own thunders sent ?
 'Twill be some solace if by fire I fall,
 To perish by the Hand of Lord of all ;
 Scarce can my throat these hoarse dry accents vent,
 With ashes choakt, and sultry vapours spent ;
 See all the Honors of my Temples fade,
 My Visage wither'd and my limbs decay'd,
 And show'rs of glowing Embers round me spread ; }
 Are these the thanks, for all the wounds I bear,
 Of plows, and harrows that my bowels tear ?
 This the return—for all my large supplies
 Of food to Man, and incense to the Skies ?

But grant my fate deserv'd—why sinks the Sea,
 Why do thy Brother's wasting Realms decay,
 But to thy mercy if we claim no part,
 Behold thy Heaven, and let that touch thy Heart,
 See Atlas groans beneath the load he bears,
 And labouring, scarce sustains the burning Spheres,
 Without aid—all in wrecking ruin hurl'd
 Must fall—and Chaos shall confound the World;
 Consult the sum of all—the general Weal,
 O'er both the Poles the spreading flames prevail,
 And Heaven unpropt, must perish if they fail:
 She said—nor *fainting*, longer could pursue,
 And sinking, deep within herself, from view,
 Near to the Stygian shades her head withdrew:
 Now to the Gods, and Phœbus chiefly, Jove }
 Declares the dangers threatening all above; }
 Then, to his lofty Throne in wrath ascends,
 Whence stormy show'rs and deluges he sends,
 But now nor clouds nor show'rs at his command,
 He grasps the dreadful thunders in his hand,
 And of *both* life and Car—th' Almighty Sire
 Bereft the Boy, and quencht with heavenly fire,
 The flames—th' affrighted Courfers whirling round,
 Burst Car and Harness with the sudden bound:
 The wheels and fragments, of the shatter'd Wain,*
 Flew divers, scatter'd o'er th' Ethereal Plain:

Unhappy

* The wheels and fragments, of the shatter'd Car,
 Flew divers, scatter'd o'er the Fields of Air.

18 . THE FALL OF PHAETON. B. II.

Unhappy Phaeton, with his blazing Hair,
 Trail'd thro' the Void, and headlong from the Car,
 Shot like a Comet, or a falling Star:
 In summer's Eve, thus from Olympus' top,
 The flaming Meteor drops, or seems to drop:
 Far from his native Realms, the Po receives,
 The blasted Youth, and quenches in his waves;
 The Course, with care th' Hesperian Naiads lave,
 And decent laid, the Body in the Grave,
 And to his Tomb, this monumental gave:
 The Son of Phœbus, and his Charioteer,
 Who strove to rule the Coursers of the Year,
 Here Phaeton lies—and tho' he ruled not well,
 Yet in a great Attempt, he nobly fell:
 The Sire in mournful silence for the Dead,
 Dim, as *eclips'd*, conceal'd his gloomy Head;
 Refused his wonted lustre to display,
 And left the World without the Sun, one Day;
 The flames with light supplied the Earth around,
 And in the mischief this small good was found;
 But Clymené unsoled—*with her grief*
 O'erwhelm'd, remain'd—unknowing of relief,
 And whom—in vain she sought the World around,
 At length, in the Hesperian Regions found;
 She kiss'd the name, *devout* with many a moan,
 She bathed with tears, the monumental Stone;
 In tears alike the pious Sisters mourn,
 And give the fruitless tribute to his urn:

The

The Moon, who thrice had gone her monthly Round, 420
 Still o'er the Tomb the weeping Sisters found;
 While o'er the Dead they make their daily moan,
 For—*tears by use were now familiar* grown,
 The eldest, Phaetasa, strove to rise,
 Alas; my Feet are bound to Earth—she cries;
 The Sisters hastned to her aid—but found,
 Their Soles alike were rooted to the Mound;
 Their Hands, and Arms were into Branches spread,
 And shooting, verdant rose above their Head;
 They tore their Hair, their Hands are fill'd with Leaves,
 The creeping Bark o'er Thighs and Body cleaves;
 And nothing now was extant but their Eyes,
 And Mouth, which *ever* on the Mother cries;
 What could the Dame? from this, to that she flies;
 And tore the envious Rind, and from the wound,
 Sanguineous Drops distilling stain'd the ground;
 Alas! they said, thy tearing hand forbear,
 Our Bodies suffer in the Tree, you tear;
 She to her Offspring gave the last embrace,
 Before the Bark had cover'd every Grace; 440
 Farewell *they said*—'twas all they could, the rest
 The Rind now closing o'er their Lips, suppress:
 The melting tears, which flow-distilling run,
 Concrete in drops—and hardned in the Sun,
 As Amber pure, for ornaments they come
 To Rome—and Matrons wear the lucid Gum:

Cycnus, who Son of Sthenelus, was *nigh*,
 These Transformations saw with wond'ring Eye;
 A kin to Phaeton by the Mortal Side,
 But more in Spirit, than in Blood allied;
 Ligurian Realms he held in wide command,
 But left his Empire, and his native Land;
 And fill'd the Banks of Po, with plaints—and roves,
 Where, the late Sisters now augment the Groves,
 And while as wont, his daily plaints he made,
 His Kinsman's fate bemoaning in the Shade;
 Sudden, his manly Voice grew weak and shrill,
 His Face and Lips were flatned to a Bill;
 And arch'd, above his Breast arose his Neck,
 And Plumes and Wings his Sides and Body deck, 460
 And web'd his Feet—and a new Bird began,
 To row the floods, the Silver-pluméd Swan;
 And mindful of the blasting fires, he takes
 To th' Element adverse to Flames—the Lakes;
 But, still the Father gloomy in retreat,
 Indulging grief, sole melancholly fate;
 Forgetful of his Lustre, Grace, and STATE;
 He hates the Light, detests *himself*, and Day,
 And to the World denies his glorious Ray;
 Enough—he said, since Heaven and Earth begun,
 This thankless office to mankind I've done,
 An ever rolling, ever restless Sun;
 Let now, *who will*—and can—our place supply,
 If none—and all the Deities deny;

Let

Let Him—of Thunders *late* become so free,
Wrecking his Wrath—*bereaving* Sires—*like me*,
 Of Sons belov'd—our Couriers fury try,
 And learn at *length* to lay his Thunders by;
 Or own at least—that they who rule not well,
 But *ill-deserv'd* the Doom, that *late* besel: 480
Thus while he raged—the Gods around him wait,
 And humbly *sue*, he'll reassume his SEAT;
 And minister to Earth his needful Light,
 Nor leave to Chaos, and eternal night
 The World—even Jove, some kind Submissions sends,
 And threats and pray'rs, majestically blends:
 His Steeds dispers'd, vague in the fields of Light,
 And shudd'ring yet with the late Thunders fright,
 The God appear'd *assenting to their pray'r*,
 Recalls—and lashing with his Whip severe,
 He lays to them the ruin of his Son,
 By you, *be said*, and your wild fury done;
 Abash'd, they stood in not unconscious sense:
 And now again *spread* o'er the Void immense,
 His flaming Rays the general light dispense: }
 Meantime, the Sire his Walls of Heaven surveys,
 Lest aught were flaw'd, and damag'd by the Blaze;
 Which when secure he found—his second care,
 Was Earth, and Man, and the inferior Sphere;
 He cast his eye afar to every Coast, 500
 And to Arcadia, for Arcadia *most*

Was to him *dear*—then Verdure he supplies
 To Woods and Fields, and bade the Fountains rise;
 And pour'd the Rivers, *yet afraid to flow*,
 And Streams their Banks, and wonted Channels know;
 And frequent as he walk'd the World around,
 A Nymph he saw, who gave the secret wound;
 He paus'd and gaz'd—and kindling with desire,
 Thro' every Vein, he felt the thrilling fire:
 No Maid was she to Web, and Distaf bred,
 Or at the Toilet wont to deck her Head;
 By Nature Fair—a Clasp her Garment bound,
 And with the Spear in hand, she cheer'd the jolly Hound;
 To Dian dear, she tript along the Plain,
 The comeliest Comrade, of her comely Train:
 While *Fortune blest*—but short alas! the Date,
 And fickle is the Favour of the Great:
 The flaming God had reach'd his highest Day;
 Deep in a Wood she shun'd his fervid Ray;
 Unviolated by the Ax the Wood,
 For Ages long had venerable stood:
 Her Bow she hung upon a Bough and laid
 Beneath, she press'd the Quiver with her Head:
 Jove saw, and watch'd the Nymph to her retreat,
No Goddess near—his purpose to defeat:
 This fraud, *at least*, I will conceal, *he said*,
 From th' ever jealous Partner of my Bed,
 Or *known*—what all her broils—to such a Maid?

Then,

Then, took the Form and Habit of the Queen,
 In which, she by the Nymph that Morn was seen :
And thus—O! fairest of the Virgin Train,
 What sport—what game, and where—on Hill or Plain,
 And what success? and gave a Kiss—too *sweet,*
 And far too *warm* for Virgins when they meet :
 She rose—and said—O Virgin Queen whom I,
 Would even prefer to Jove, tho' Jove *were by;*
 The God was pleased—and *secret smiling* heard,
 Not without joy, himself to self prefer'd :
 The Nymph began the story of the Chace ;
 Which, He impeding with a close Embrace 540
 And kisses checkt—and in his Arms he press'd ;
 Nor was the God without a Crime confess't :
 Reluctant to his loves, she nobly strove,
 What Mortal can o'ercome the Pow'rs of Jove?
 Had Juno seen how earnestly she fought,
 The Queen, tho' angry would forgive the fault :
 Pleas'd with success, away the Victor flies,
 Wing'd to his Throne in the Olympian Skies :
 Calisto rose, and conscious of disgrace,
 A fiery guilty blush o'erspread her Face ;
 Abash'd, confus'd—she hates the conscious Grove,
 And all that led, or seem'd to lead to Love ;
 And *almost* in the tumult of her mind,
 Departing—*left her bow* forgot—behind :
 Now Dian comes exulting thro' the Wood,
 Pierce with the slaughter of the Savage Brood ;

She

She saw the Nymph, and call'd her by her name;
 Calisto stood, abash'd with Guilt and Shame,
 And would have sought the shelter of the Grove,
For, in her form, she fear'd another Jove: 560
 But, when she saw the Nymphs attendant came,
 She ceas'd her fears of Jove—and met the Dame:
 But, ill the Task, alas! and hard we find,
*Not to betray by looks—the guilty mind:**
 No more she now is earliest on the Green,
First in the Chace, or nearest to the Queen;
 But, sad and silent, shuns the chearful Chace,
 And wears her guilty Conscience in her face;
 And had not Dian been the chaste Maid,
 'Tis thought the crime she might have known, 'tis said,
 The Nymphs knew all—which they by smiles betray'd:
 Nine times had waned, and fill'd her horns the Moon,
 When Dian saw, *return'd from Chace,* at Noon,
 Far in the deep recesses of a Wood,
 Which, had untouch'd, unhewn, thro' Ages stood,
 Pure as th' expanse of Heaven a Silver flood;
 It pleas'd—and here, O Virgins, in the Wave,
 She said, we safe from prying Eyes may lave;
 They stood prepared—ONE sued to be excus'd,
 And sought delays—th' excuses they refus'd 580
 And

* But ah! how hard to hide the latent sin,
 The conscious looks betray the guilt within.

And stript her bare—and now compell'd to *show*,
 Lo! the big crime stood forth confess'd to view;
 As, with her hands to hide her swelling Shame,
 She strove—"Depart—nor stain our sacred Stream,
 With thy Pollutions foul"—exclaim'd the Dame:
 She fled—but Juno, who forgives no crime,
 Reserved her vengeance to a fitter time;
 And now the Boy was born, which griev'd her sore,
 And Arcas, from th' Arcadian land he bore
 His name—the Goddess loos'd her tongue to jar,
 And kept no measure in the wordy war;
 This too remain'd, Adultress base—she said,
 To stain my honor by a fruitful Bed,
 To make my shame notorious by his birth,
 And spread the Scandal over Heaven and Earth;
 And roll'd her thought, some Vengeance fit to find,
 Both to the Crime, and to her wrathful Mind;
 And thus began—I'll mar that Form of thine,
 And lips, forsooth—which Jove prefer'd to mine:
 And seiz'd with hand the supplicating Fair,
 And prostrate dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair;
 Her Face was lengthm'd to a Monster's Jaws,
 Her Hide grew shaggy, and with filthy Paws
 Her Hands deform'd—and arm'd with rugged Claws;
 And lest she move by Pray'r—of th' human note—
 Bereft—and gave a hoarse and savage Throat:
 A Bear she stood, and to compleat her pain,
 The former Mind and Memory remain:

Yet,

Yet, to th' ungrateful Ruler of the Sky,
 Hands, *such as Juno left*, she rais'd on high;
 And, what she could not speak, told in a moaning cry :
 And yet afraid to lurk in Woods alone,
 She haunts the Grove, and Palace *late* her own,*
 And oft affrighted at the Hunter's Hollow,
 She fled before the Pack—she wont to follow;
 A Bear—in fears, a Sister Bear would shun;
 And dreaded Wolves, altho' Lycaon's One :
 Now fifteen Winters past, the Boy, the Chace†
 Pursu'd in Woods—and rous'd the savage Race;
 And, as around the Hills his Toils he sets,
 The Son inclosed his Mother in the Nets;
 Propt on her joints *erect*, she stood to view,
 And look'd as if she would be known, and knew;
 And on her Son affix'd her gazing Eyes,
 And nearer press'd—the Boy affrighted flies;
 But bolder grown, he turn'd, and aim'd the Bow,
 But, Jove forbade the parricidal blow,
 And snatch'd on high, the Parent and the Son;
 And kindred Stars together join'd they shone :
This, Juno saw—and swell'd with rage, applied
 To Tethys, and her spouse who rule the Tide;
 You

* And, what she could not speak with Voice her own,
 She utter'd in a hideous growling tone.

† Full fifteen Winters now were come and gone,
 When, to the Chace went forth th' Arcadian Son,

You wonder much, she said, and *reason good*,
You may—why thus I come in angry mood;
 But know, no more I'm Mistress of the Sky;
 Look up to Heaven, and tell me, if I lie,
 Far in the Arctic Sphere's remotest Bound,
 Where the last Circle makes the shortest Round:
 What mortals shall henceforth, our name revere,
 And to a Goddess bend—they need not fear?
 Such is my mighty pow'r above—whom I
 Had made a Brute—He makes a Deity;
 Why hath he not his Harlot to her Shape
 Restor'd—as *late* was done in IO's Rape?
 Why takes he not Lycaon, into grace,
 The Grandfire, Sire, and all the wolfish Race?
 But O! if e'er your Juno was your care,
 Receive ye Gods, my supplicating Pray'r,
 Let them still wander in their Orbs on high,
 And tread in endless mazes round the Sky;
 Forbid, excluded from your sacred Main,
 Nor let your *waters*, such foul Pollution stain:
 The Gods assent—the angry Goddess flew,
 Her flying Car, the painted Peacocks drew;
 But lately made so *fine*—by Argos slain,
 By Juno, watchful Guardian of her plain,
 And IO, fix'd—what time, the Augur Crow,
 Had changed his hue—who *late* was white as Snow,
 Pure as the Birds of Capitolian Jove,
 Cayster's Swans, or the Chaonian Dove;

B. II.

E

His

His Tongue—his Tongue was naught—hence, what
 was bright,
 Assum'd the *adverse* Die of Stygian Night;
 In Thessaly, the Nymph Coronis known,
 Amidst a thousand Fair, the fairest thone,
 Dear to the God who bears the silver Bow,
 While she was true—or while he thought her so; 665
 'Till, *undiscover'd yet*—was open laid
 The Crime, which his own Augur Bird betray'd;
 Nor Pray'rs, nor Reasons could with him prevail,
 But He'd to Phœbus—*busy* bear the Tale,
 And when, *full of it*, would his way pursue,
 A comrade by his side, the Raven flew,
 And *teasing long*, the secret from him drew;
 Which, when he heard, He gravely shook his head,
 Thy Errand's naught—thy Errand's naught, he said;
 Thou'lt find it *noxious oft*, to be too true,
 'Twas so to me—and thou alike mayst rue;
 See what I am—and what I was believe,
 And Counsel, of th' experienc'd Sage receive;
 Eriethon born without a Mother's aid,
 By Pallas in a wicker Cage was laid, 680
 To the three *Cecrop's* Sister-daughters sent,
 And charged to Keep—not search the dark Content;
 Pandrose, and Herse—both refused to pry,
 Aglauros scorn'd their Faith—for perch'd on high,
 I watcht them from a blasted Oak hard by,

And

And slipping fly the Twigs—she open'd wide
 The Cage—and saw the Child, and by his side
 Th' extended Dragon, and his scaly Hide:
 Which, to the Queen, a *busy prating* Fowl,
 I told—and *superfeded*—to the Owl
 Postponed—I forfeited her Love and Care,
 Of which, I once enjoy'd no common share,
 'Tis true, I *vow*—ask Pallas if I lie,
 Altho' she's angry—she'll not this deny:
 For from Coroneus, an *illustrious* Race,
 Who reign'd in Phocis, I my Lineage trace,
 A Royal Princess, and by Princes sought,
 Nay—*wonder not*—for I was Handsome thought;
 And *this* it was—my Transformation wrought:
 For, as majestic, in my *wonted* way, 709
 I stalk'd along the borders of the Sea,
 Neptune, the Ocean's God, my form admired,
 And sued to win by Pray'r—what he desired;
 But, finding all his Eloquence was vain,
 Prepar'd by force, what I denied, to gain;
 I ran—he chaced—but sinking in the Sand,
 I dragg'd my weary limbs along the Strand,
 A *Victim*, dropping to the Raptor's Hand;
 On Gods, and Men I call'd, but Mortals all
 Were deaf—a Virgin heard a Virgin's call,
 And brought relief—I lifted to the Skies,
 My Hands—and Arms—and saw black Feathers rise;

I tore my Vest, and my dishevel'd hair,
 And Sable Plumes I from my Body tear;
 And now no clogging Sands my way restrain,
 I fled, and left the Raptor, and the Main;
 A blameless Bird, I wing'd the midway Air,
 A sacred Volatile, Minerva's care;
 But what avails it, if Nyctemene,
 Enjoys by crimes, the Honors due to me? 720
 Hast thou not heard Nyctemene's renown,
 A Lesbian Tale, and told in every Town;
 And how she stain'd with Lust her Father's Bed,
 And in a borrow'd form, conceal'd her Head?
 And shuns the light, and conscious of disgrace,
 Betrays her guilty Conscience in her Face,
 Nor dares appear by Day—for if she flies,
 The Birds all hoot, and chace her thro' the Skies;
 Yet now, she's seated by Minerva's Side:
 "Thy tedious Tales, and thee—may ill betide,"
 Impertinent! the Augur Bird replies,
 And *turn'd away*—He swift to Phœbus flies;
 And to the God declar'd the fatal Truth,
 Of false Coronis, and th' Hæmonian Youth:
 Down dropt his Laurels at the Lover's Name,
 His Count'nance fell—his Colour fled and came,
 Alternate chang'd—he snatch'd his Lycian Bow,
 And Shaft, and aim'd th' *indevitable* Blow,
 And with his Arrow pierc'd that lovely Breast,
 Which he so often to his own had press'd; 760
 She

She gave a deadly Groan, and drew the Dart,
 The sanguine Life came issuing from her Heart,
 And stain'd her Limbs, and every ivory part:
 " I might have suffer'd for the Guilt, alone,
 " She said, what hath enwomb'd thy infant done?
 " Now two, alas! must perish both in One:"
Too late—the God repentant of the Deed,
 Effays his Arts—but Ah! no Arts succeed;
 And all his sovereign Panacæa's tried,
 His sovereign Panacæa's *failing* lied,
 And Fate the God's own Oracles defy'd:
 He sees the Fair One, in his arms expire,
 Then—if the Gods could weep—had wept the Sire;
 He hates his Hand—detests the Shaft and Bow,
 And all his pitying Soul resigns to Woe:
Unjust, and kind, the *just* due Obsequies
 He pays, and vents aloud his Moans and Sighs;
 Loud as the milky Mothers of the Plain,
 Who bellowing, moaning, see their offspring Slain:
 Yet, not unmindful of the Babe, the Sire,
 When now prepar'd, he saw the Fun'ral Fire,
 And lest it should partake the fatal Flame,
Spight of th' IMMORTAL *temper'd* in its Frame,
 The Infant from the Parent-Womb was torn,
 And to the Biform-Centaur Chiron borne:

For

-
- I might have suffer'd for the guilt, alone,
 And *first* have teemed—what hath thy Infant done?
 Now two, alas! must perish both in One:
 She said, the God repentant of the Deed, &c.

For the tale-bearing Bird, this Fate he dooms, How
 Prate thou no more, he said, in Silver Plumes? And
 And black'd his Sides, and what was snowy Bright, W
 Assum'd the adverse hue of Stygian Night: * H
 The Honor, and the Charge of th' heavenly Boy, b
 The Biform-Centaur Chiron took with joy, s
 Committed by the God—his Daughter fair
 Ocyrrhoë divine—partakes the Care,
 From Nymph Chariclo sprung—a rapid Stream,
 Expressive of her Lineage—and her Name: M
 Unsatisfied, with what her Father taught,
 Her soaring Mind Futurity had sought;
 Full of the God—then gazing on the Son,
 She in prophetic Raptures, thus begun:
 Grow, Infant grow—what Arts shall with thee rise, 800
 Reliever, Saver of Mankind? she cries,
 What blessings to the Earth by thee bestow'd,
 What future Lives redeem'd—are to thee ow'd
 Which, by attempting *oft*, thou shalt incense
 Thy Grandfire Jove—and for the bold offence,
 By daring Arts, to animate the Dead
 Forbid—shalt draw down Thunders on thy Head,
 And yield to Death—but, from the dark Abode,
 In Serpent-form, exalted rise a God;
 And twice renew thy Fates—and thou, O Sire,
 Doom'd to the life of heavenly Gods, t' expire,
 How

* ———— And what was White,
 Assum'd a Sable Dye, *contrarious quite*.

How shalt thou suffer, rage, and wish to die,
 And quit thy claim to Immortality?
 When thou shalt feel th' excruciating Pains,
 Of th' Hydra-Venom burning in thy Veins?
 The Gods in pity shall abridge thy date
 Of Life, and thou shalt willing yield to Fate:
More yet remain'd—(but suddenly appears,
 The Maid o'erwhelm'd with sorrow—and in tears,
 For, entering into Destinies the Maid, 820
 The Secrets of offended Jove betray'd;)
 My voice details—from th' human form Divine
 I to my Kindred Species prone decline;
 But why a total Change (*my Sire's, I own,*
Of Race biform) why Quadruped, and prone?
 Pernicious Pow'rs! ah! better never given,
 Ne'er sought, unknown, the Depths of highest Heaven;
 These her last accents, scarcely understood,
Confus'd, were utter'd in *ambiguous* Mood;
 As wanton Boys, who in a winnying Note,
 The sounds dissemble of a Filly's throat;
 Anon, more Perfect Quadruped she neighs,
 And bounds, and grazes where the Fillies graze;
 Her Hands, and Feet, and Nails uniting round,
 The Hornéd Hoof, *consolidated* bound;
 Her yellow Tresses flutter in a Mane,
 A great part of her Robe's long-sweeping Train,
 Still trails behind, and drags along the Plain: }

The suff'ring Centaur wept, and piteous pray'd,
 And *most*, O Phœbus, sought in vain thy aid;
 For, how could'st thou the will of highest Jove
 Defeat—the God who rules the Gods above?
 Or if thou couldst—remote and absent then
 In Realms of Elis—and an humble Swain,
 Thou fedst thy Herds on the Messenian Plain:
 Here, on seven Reeds compacted, wont to play,
 He mixt their Numbers with his Vocal Lay;
 With Crook in Hand, he ruled the sturdy Throng
 Of Swains around, and charm'd them with his Song;
 And while thus *careless* on his Pipe he play'd,
 His Beeves *unguarded* o'er the Plains had stray'd,
 Which, Hermes not *unvers'd* in *this same Art*,
 Removed, and had secreted far apart:
 This fraud of Hermes was to Battus known,
 In all the Country round, to him alone;
 His bus'ness was the breeding Mares to tend,
 In the rich Pastures, where King Neleus reign'd:
 The God thought proper, to secure the Man,
 By some small Gift—and soothing, he began;
 My Friend, he said, if any questions rise,
 Of Cattle stray'd, be silent, and be wise,
 This brinded Heifer shall thy Faith repay,
 And to him gave the Beast—"No more—away,
 " The Swain replied—*that Flint as soon shall own*
 " *To Cattle stray'd*"—and pointed to a Stone:

He

Then, he departs, but soon returns again,
 Disguis'd in Mien and Voice—and to the Swain,
 Began—Good Neighbour, hast thou seen, this way,
 A herd of Kine untended, lately stray?
 Be Kind and Honest, and inform me right,
 This Bull, and Heifer shall thy pains requite:
 The Swain replied—pleas'd with the doubled Fee,
 “ See, on yon Hills they feed—*yon Hills—you see* :”
 Perfidious Knave! and dost thou *then* display *
 And own—he said—me, to myself betray?
 And to a Flint he turn'd the faithless Spy,
 Which *harmless*, yet retains his infamy;
 And still some tell-tale latent pow'r betrays,
 'Tis call'd a Touch-Stone, to the present Days:
 Then, pois'd on Wing, the heavenly Herald flew, 880
 And kept th' Athenian Battlements in view,
 Munichian Tow'rs—to Pallas ever dear;
 'Twas then the Feast, the holiest of the Year;
 The comeliest Virgins robed in White, that Day,
 Bore on their Heads, the sweetest Flow'rs of May;
 And in a long procession to the Fane,
 With Baskets crown'd, moved on the pompous Train;
 The wily God observ'd them, as he flew,
 And, nearer to the Earth descending, drew,
 Far as the Stars, the STAR of MORN outvies,
And this—the Moons when they Full-orb'd arise;
 So far, had *Hersé* all the Train surpass'd,
 On her alone, his ardent Eyes he cast,

* ——— And dost thou open lay? &c.

And on his Pinions poiz'd he Kend, amazed !
 And wheeling in a Curve around, he gazed ;
 As when a Kite in airy Circles plies,
 Lured by the Scent of Blood and Sacrifice ;
 Nor dares tho' greedy, *urged by hunger, taste,*
 Aw'd by the Crowd—nor can he quit the Feast ;
 Thus resting on his Wings, suspense, in flight, 900
 He gaz'd—nor could amove his ravish'd fight ;
 Swift as the Arrow from the Parthian String,
 Or Bullet from the Balearic Sling,
 Glows in its flight, and fires along the Skies,
 As fierce, thus shot from the bright Herse's Eyes,
 Ascended to the Clouds the flaming Dart,
 And struck, and pierc'd Cyllenius, to the Heart :
 Then, he descending thro' the fields of Air,
 Light dropt—and sought the Palace of the Fair ;
 Tho', in his person confidence he placed,
 And manly Form, with Youth, and Beauty graced ;
 Yet, smooths his Locks, and nice in every Part,
Well known its influence on a Female Heart, }
 He hopes to mend, and better all by Art ;
 Displays his Robe, and opens every Fold,
 And shews the Borders edged with Lace and Gold ;
 Thus all-composed, he moves, and in his Hand,
 Waves with a grace, his Soporific Wand :
 Fair Herse's Dome had three Apartments fraught
 With Iv'ry, Gold, and Tortoise-Shells inwrought ; 920

Pandrose

Pandrose the *Right*, the *Left*, Aglauros kept,
 And in the midmost, Herse guarded slept;
 Aglauros *first*, th' advancing God espied,
 "And *whence*, and why thus hither come?" She cried:
 The Son, and Herald of the God above,
 I come, he said, and seek fair Herse's Love;
 To favour me herein, I thee address,
 And hail thee Aunt of all my future Race:
 With look askew, as when she first descri'd
 Minerva's secret—she the Lover eyed;
 "And bring, she said, a mighty Sum of Gold,
 "Or hence depart—and quit thy purpose bold:"
 But Pallas, mindful of Aglauros' crime,
 Reserv'd her Vengeance to a fitter time;
 And with a Sigh deep-heaved, her Wrath express'd,
 A Sigh! that shook the Ægide on her Breast;
 Rememb'ring well, how false Aglauros pry'd,
 And fly diduced the wicker Twigs aside,
 She recollects each circumstance of Woe,
 Her searching Eye, the dark Contents to know; 940
 And seeing now, what Treasures she'd possess,
 If she were bribed for Mercury's *address*;
 She to black ENVY's Dome resolves to go,
 An execrable Mansion, Sordid, Low,
 Far seated in the bottom of a Vale,
 Whence Steams, and Pestilential Fogs exhale;

No Winds to blow, no Sun to cheer around,
 All in eternal frosty rigour bound,
 And solely heard the Screech-owl's dismal Sound.
 The Queen arriv'd, and distant from the Door,
 She reach'd it with her spear, *she durst no more,*
 For, by the Fates, no God can enter here;
 The door flew open to the touching Spear:
 Minerva saw—(*and turn'd her Head aside,*
For Gods cannot her horrid Form abide;)
 The Fiend procumbent on her Belly spread,
 With Vipers rank, and Toads envenomb'd fed;
 Her Teeth all rusty, writh'd her Form awry,
 Pale, Meager, Wan, and cast askew her Eye;
 Her Heart, and Breast suffus'd with greenest Gall, 960
 And from her Lips, and Tongue the Poisons fall;
 And blear'd her Eyes, that never clos'd in Sleep;
 Nor Joy she knows, but when th' Unhappy Weep;
 Fate undeserv'd, and Merit in a Jail,
 To give some wretched Comfort, never fail;
 Gnawing, and gnaw'd with racking Care and Fear,
 She pines, her own sad Torment, thro' the Year;
 To whom, the Queen—speed, try thy utmost Art;
 Fill with envenomb'd Spleen, Aglauros' Heart;
 Then, struck the Earth, and from her pointed Spear
 She sprang, *elate* to the Olympian Sphere:
 The Fiend arose, and left in the Abode,
 Th' unfinish'd mangled Carcase of a Toad;

She

B. II. THE STORY OF AGLAUROS. 39

She saw the Queen array'd in Armour bright,
 And loathed, and grieved that in her own despite,
 She must successful prove—then took in Hand,
 With many a Tenter arm'd, her Knotty Wand;
 And moving onward, like a blasting Storm,
 Her Breath's rank pestilential Gales deform
 The sickning Fields—the blighted Harvests pine,
 And all their Honors, all the Woods resign:
 And now arriv'd at the Munichian Tow'rs,
 Lycæan Groves, and peaceful happy Bow'rs;
 She looks around, and scarce forbears her Tears, 980
For, nothing here lamentable appears:
 Then to th' Apartment of the Dame, she press'd,
 While yet Aglauros lay in balmy Rest;
 And stroked her with her pale envenomb'd Hand,
 And in her Bosom fix'd her tenter'd Wand;
 And to her Heart, th' invading Horrors stole,
 Instilling Pangs that harrow up the Soul;
 In Dreams, she plac'd her Sister in her sight,
 The pompous Bridegroom, and the happy night;
 Still Hersé, Hersé gives th' heart-burning Pain;
 And, as green Wood that's kindled by the Swain,
 With inward Heat, consumes without a Blaze,
 Thus gnaw'd in silent Woe, the Maid decays;
 A thousand times, she'd rather yield to Die,
 Than, see her Sister rise in Glories high;

Now

Now—to her Sire she will the whole relate ;
 At last, she placed herself before the Gate,
 And firm resolv'd, t' exclude the Lover, fate ;
 Cyllenius came, and striking at the Doors,
 To see fair Hersé, humbly he implores ; 1000
 And ev'ry means of Supplication used,
 But she indignant, obstinate refused :
 Depart—*affix'd*, I'll ever hold this Seat,
 Unmoveable, she said, till thou retreat :
 Agreed—He said, thy Seat, and compact hold,
 And struck the Gates, they to the touch unfold ;
 The ent'ring God extends forthwith his Hand,
 And touch'd her with his Soporific Wand ;
 And on what parts, she *sedentary*, press'd,
 All settled, now benumb'd in gelid Rest ;
 She strives to rise, her stiffning Joints deny,
 And the rigescent Knees refuse to ply ;
 She strives to speak, *in vain*, hard Iron-Death,
 Compress'd the narrow Passages of Breath ;
 The Blood congeals, and cold in every Vein,
 The Juices freeze—as when a black Gangrene,
 Immedicable by the Hand of Art,
 Or ulcer'd Cancers, to the soundest part,
 Infecting run, thus to the Heart and Head,
 Insensibly the chilling Rigour spread, 1020
 And every Member seiz'd, till Solid grown,
 A Rock she fate—a Monumental Stone ;
 The Flint retain'd imprest her sullen Mien,
 Still in the sedentary Figure seen ; Nor

Nor was the Marble of the brightest Hue,
 But from her Mind, a livid Tinge it drew:
 The Crime thus venged on the hard-hearted Maid,
 Well-pleased, the God to High Olympus fled;
 Whom, Jove observ'd, and beck'ning to his Son,
 Call'd to his Throne, and thus *apart*, begun;
 Swift, faithful Minister of our Commands,
 Resume thy Wings—speed to Agenor's Lands;
 What Kine (seek not our Purpose to explore)
 Thou seest—compel to the Sidonian Shore:
 He flew—and saw, where with her Virgin-train,
 The fair Europa sported on the Plain;
 And to the Shore, the hornéd Herd he drove:
 But Ah! ill fellow'd Majesty, and Love
 Co-dwell, nor, in one Sphere together move;
 The Father of the Skies, Saturnian God,
 Who shakes Olympus with his awful Nod,
 His Regal Dignity now laid aside,
 And like the Lover of a lowing Bride,
Such mighty Pow'rs, all conqu'ring Love! are thine,
 Appear'd, and bellowing, mingled with the Kine;
 Yet, in this Shape, preserv'd his Lordly State,
 His Air superior, and Majestic Gait;
 His Colour shamed the whitenels of the Snow,
 Adown his Breast, the Rolls luxuriant flow;
 His Dewlap swept the Ground, and fronting stand
 His Ivory Horns, as *polish'd* by the Hand;
 No stern forbidding Frown, his Brow had on,
 His gentle Temper in his Aspect shone;

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No

No Terror in his Eye, but all exprest,
 The Lover's softness in the Brute confess'd;
 The Queen, and Nymphs his Form, and Hue admire,
 And Aspect void of Menaces and Ire;
 She bolder grown, before him dares to Stand,
 And proffers Flowrets, with her Lily-Hand;
 He sipt the Flow'rs, her Lily-Hand caress'd, 1060
 In high Delight—and scarce *forbears* the rest;
 He wanton frisks, and rolling on the Green,
 Amus'd the Virgins, and the Virgin-Queen;
 And nearer now invites her stroking Hand;
 And gambols round, and couches on the Strand,
 She wreath'd his Horns, deckt with her flow'ry Band;
 And *rash, adventurous*, on his snowy Side,
Unknowing whom she press'd—she dares to Ride;
 He easy rose, and moving to the Shore,
 With slow soft Pace, the seated Virgin bore;
 And by degrees, advancing to the Sea,
 He dipt *at first* his Feet, in *seeming play*;
 Then, plunging Deep, he bore the prize away:
 Safe o'er the billowy Surge, the Virgin's borne,
 One Hand his Side, and one compress'd his Horn;
 She call'd, and wept, and looking oft behind,
 Sate firm—her Vest flew flutt'ring in the Wind.



END OF THE SECOND BOOK.